THE

TRIUMVIRADE:

OR,

BROAD-BOTTOMRY.

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comi-Dramatical

POEM.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS, *Author of the* CAUSIDICADE.

Resurgit. ANONY.
Ille ego qui quondam —— VIRG.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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MAR

THE

TRIUMVIRADE, &c.

WHEN *Grantown* and *Bathon*, as Story records,
This Chief of the C-mm-ns and That of the L—ds,
Had broken the mighty *Leviathan*'s Pow'r,
After twenty long Years Oppoſition and more:
Quite routed his Partizans all to a Man,
While each cry'd, the De'il take the hindmoſt and ran:
The Sceptre ſubſided, and Sov'reign Command
For a Fortnight ſuſpended, at leaſt, thro' the Land.
The two heroic Chiefs ſat directing the Whole,
Yet mod'rate, howe'er, in the height of Controul.
In reſpectful Obedience to R-y-l Requeſt,
As loth with Pr-r-g-tive much to conteſt,
And embroil all the Nation in Diſcord and Jarrs,
Give Room for *French* Agents to raiſe Civil Wars,

And practice upon us at home, while abroad
The proud common Foe on fair Liberty trod,
The Ballance of *Europe* o'erturn, and but deem us
Only worthy the Favour of proud *Poliphemus*.
Theſe Conſiderations inducing, they err'd,
And fatally national Juſtice deferr'd,
Receiv'd into Mercy, not only, but Place,
'Mong others, the *Paym-ſter*, *Scribe*, and the *M——e*.
Well ſaid the *great Chief*, when he heard it, and true,
Who retains in his Boſom an Adder will rue,
So refus'd to concur in't, and greatly withdrew.

Prophetic he ſpoke, for e'er long the Ingrates
Reſolv'd into Faction, and wrangling Debates:
Regardleſs of promis'd Submiſſion in Station,
Their precarious Condition, and late Situation;
Some dreading the Axe, and ſome others the String,
Diſtreſs'd both th' Affairs of the S—te and the K——g.
For whate'er Propoſal by *Grantown* was made,
For the Good of the Nation in War and in Trade,
Was ſtrongly oppos'd, tho' oppos'd long in vain,
As his Sov'r—n did e'er th' Oppoſition reſtrain:

'Till

'Till the Stateſman, indignant, to find 'em perſiſt,
And revolving the Conſequence deep in his Breaſt;
How the Nation muſt ſuffer, himſelf be too vex'd,
And his Sov'r—n by diff'rnet croſs Counſels perplex'd:
With true Patriot Care, as good *Sommers*, fam'd Lord,
Did honeſtly erſt deal with *W—ll—m* the Third,
He ſincerely advis'd, for his Int'reſt 'twas beſt,
To let him withdraw, for a while at the leaſt.
The Mon---ch, reluctant, complied with th' Advice,
As he hardly could e'er find a Stateſman like *This*.
Prodigious his Talents and form'd for the Helm,
E'er ſtudious to unite both the K---g and the R--lm,
An Enemy always profeſs'd againſt *France*,
Their Faith ſo perfidious, and vain Complaiſance.
Reſigning, he gratified all their Deſires,
Depriv'd of his Counſel, the K—g follow'd theirs;
Confuſion enſu'd, wild Debate and Uproar,
Betwixt thoſe who'd come *in*, and thoſe *in* before:
Many Schemes were invented, but none could ſucceed,
And many were call'd, tho' but few wou'd concede.

However

However *Broadbottomry* gain'd unawares,
That Monſter which ruin'd great *W-ll--m*'s Affairs;
Diſtracted his Councils, obſtructed his Meaſures,
And crampt, both at home and abroad, all his Meaſures,
As a firm Coalition could never yet be,
Since the *Whig* and *the Tory* could never agree;
And, if Right I the Figure of Prophecy caſt,
Their future Behaviour you'll find like the paſt;
Miſtruſtful and jealous, they'll ſtir up Debate,
And, to croſs one another, will ruin the S—te.

But what moſtly perplex'd 'em (as *Præſes*, the ſage,
With caution, declin'd to expoſe his old Age
To Conteſt and Faction) was, who ſhou'd be PRIME,
'Till they wiſely agreed to confer it on him,
Whoſe Head, upon Meaſure, ſhould longeſt be found,
But the Miſchief on't was, they were all ſhort and round.
Of equal Demenſions, than deep rather ſhallow,
So that neither could caſt a Reproach on his Fellow.
Since therefore amongſt them, it could not be ſaid,
There was fit for the Service one ſingle good Head,

They

They reſolv'd ſtill more wiſely, to try if they cou'd,
By joining their Heads, the Deficience make good.
In the Counſel of many there is Safety we count,
And a Groupe of *ſhort* Heads to one *Long* may amount.
To vacate and fill up the Places, of thoſe
Whom they had, in their Wiſdom, proſcrib'd as their Foes,
They debated with Caution and Care, as they knew
From the Error of *Grantown* their Politics true:
But firſt importun'd, with unanimous Voice,
Since the Station of PRIME met not *Præſes*'s Choice,
He'd vouchſafe, at the leaſt, to aſſiſt with his Care,
And, reſuming th' old Office, relinquiſh the *Chair*.
Tho' a Poſt of great Honour, yet well might be fill'd,
By one in th' Affairs of the Public leſs ſkill'd.
" Your Ability call you to ſerve, quo' his *Gr—ce*,
" Where Experience is wanted, to wit, your old Place.
" None can abler the long-headed *Grantown* ſucceed,
" And only your Wiſdom can his ſupercede.
His L-rdſhip with Honour and Buſineſs quite cloy'd,
Wou'd fain have remain'd in the Place he enjoy'd.

Arriv'd

Arriv'd as it were, ſafe in Port from the Main,
Was loth to launch out into Hurry again;
But howe'er, as with Faction he never took Part,
But had always his K—g and his Country at Heart;
In Honour of theſe, he vouchſaf'd to reſume,
But look'd with Regret on the Poſt he came from.

Th' Aſſembly broke up and adjourn'd for a Time,
And whiſper'd about, that whoever wou'd trim
And come to their Scheme, on the *Broadbottom* Plan,
Shou'd be wellcome, and all be preferr'd to a Man:
Provided they would not obſtruct the Supply,
And join in their Meaſures great *John* to decry.
The Deſign took Effect, lo! the Creatures all cringe,
By Avarice prompted and hopes of Revenge,
In the Sun-ſhine of Promiſe they wantonly bask'd,
And implicitly gave into all that was aſk'd;
They paſs'd the S—pp—y, without one ſingle Nay,
And ſo loyal were all the good C—mm—ns that Day,
That had but ſome M—ber the Motion promoted,
They'd as Uſeleſs that poor Monoſillable voted.

Nay the Sons of old *Jacob* themſelves, it is ſaid,
Were ſo pleas'd with the Hopes of again making Head,
That they wrote to their Party, a while to ſuſpend
Putting Bumpers about to their old *Roman* Friend,
Untill further Orders how each ſhould comport,
And that *W—tk—n* had once been again at the C——,
Tho' the two virtuous H—ſes obediently did
Whatever our mighty *Triumvirate* bid;
Yet Matters went on very ill at St. *J——s*
For his old faithful Servant the *Great one* exclaims.
Return me my Friend, my great Stateſman, quo' he,
Who can equal his Skill? not together you Three.
Scribonius, perhaps, you'll aver you can write,
Suppoſe it be granted—— ſay who will indite?
'Tis not the prompt Hand, nor the Mind will ſuffice,
'Tis the Head that can counſel alone and deviſe.
I'll allow you may head, on Occaſion, a Mobb,
And fight, like old *Ziska* himſelf, with a Clubb;
Drive *Tories* and *Ormonites* all down before ye,
And acquire with proud *Bell* of the Poſt-Office Glory.

But ſay; can you ſtem the proud *Gaul* and *Bavar*,
And ſuſtain, 'gainſt the *P—ſſian* perfidious, the War?
No, no, as but fit for domeſtic Affairs,
Little Matters left *Grantown* alone to your Cares.
Mind therefore your Province, ſuppreſs the Sheep-Stealers,
* Street Robbers and Gamblers, and Journeymen Taylors.

You *Theſaurus*, may boaſt your great Skill in Account
And the Manage of Payments: but when you have don't,
Can you fill up the Coffers of St—e with Supply,
Or, in Treaty, with foreign Ambaſſadors vie?
Tho' you did very well, when old *Bobb* held the Wand,
And acted with Diligence under Command;
Yet to act and to think are quite diff'rent, I deem,
Ways and Means are not eaſy, tho' *Scrope*'s in the Scheme.

And you with your Gold-tufted Gown and the M——,
Your Tragedy Wig, and your Madam-like Face,
Preceded in Pomp by a croud of mean Fellows,
Which you took from the Dirt, like **, as they tell us;
From the proud aukward Bumpkin who carries the P—ſe,
To that ſimple young Fellow, who hangs at your A—.

Do

* v. Several late Gazettes.

Do you think that Bench-Learning and Preſident Prate
Can ſufficiently qualify Men for the S—te?
Go, withdraw to your Office, and keep in that Sphere,
Or, perhaps, you may pay for your Forwardneſs dear.
Remember the Fate of your Patron; when he,
Neglecting his Poſt, fain a Stateſman wou'd be.
His Vices and Views and his ill-gotten Store,
His defrauding of Orphans and grinding the Poor,
Had paſt unexamin'd, and Perquiſites deem'd,
Had he kept to his *Laſte* and ne'er aim'd to have climb'd.
Have you carried your Cup then ſo even d'ye think,
As ne'er to have ſpill'd one Drop of good Drink?
If ſo: Yet remember that mine are the S—ls,
Lo! *R—d—r* makes Intereſt, and ready is *W—s*.
The *Triumvirate* yet, notwithſtanding this Check,
Reſolv'd to go on and digeſt the *Rump Steak*.
What tho' at the Threſhold a little, they tript?
Pray why ſhou'd they fear? they're too big to be whipt.
What tho' they're forſook by their *K—g* and by Heaven,
Recourſe to the Devil may make Matters even.

A good Scripture Text, for the Purpoſe, they quoted,
I think it is ſomewhere in *Samuel* noted;
How without the Aſſiſtance of Lightning and Thunder,
As now does our *Fauſtus*, the good Witch of *Endor*,
Did without the leaſt Noiſe, ſave alone her own Squall,
Raiſe the Prophet, or Devil, or both up to *Saul*.

But a pox on the Spoak that's got into the Wheel;
Not one ſingle Conj'rer to talk with the De'il,
Can they find in their Party; no, not even one!
For the Conjurers all are engag'd with great *John*.
Well a-day and alack! muſt the Project be foil'd,
And their Porridge, for want of a Conjurer, ſpoil'd?
What then's to be done? all their Counſels run various,
'Till united at laſt by the great *C-nc-ll-rius*.

A Conjurers Sphere, *under Favour I ſpeak it*,
I'n't ſo difficult ſure, but we may undertake it.
With humble Submiſſion, quo' he, my Compeers
We can make up, among us, a Conjurer's Geers.
Lo! I've a long Robe, as all Conjurer's have,
And your *Honour* a Wand, and your *G—ce* can engrave

Black

Black illegible Characters, ſcratch'd like your Title,
And all muſt allow you can ſcribble a little.
Behold! then a Conjurer's Enſigns compleat!
And now for a Head to go thro' with the Feat.
If better than one, are two Heads, you'll allow
That three muſt of Courſe be yet better than two.
Join we then *Pericrania*, ſo ſep'rately fam'd,
And if we don't conjure, by G—d I'll be damn'd.
Pleaſe God! we ſhall ſoon with th' Aſſiſtance of theſe,
Raiſe the Devil *in propria Perſona* with Eaſe.
So a Circle he ſtruck with the Wand on the Floor,
And thus he incanted Hell's Sovereign Pow'r.
" Oh! Thou who preſid'ſt o'er the Caverns below,
" Where Nitre and Brimſtone in livid Flames glow;
" Where Stateſmen, Phyſicians, and Lawyers abide,
" And Placemen for voting, and Biſhops beſide!
" Sole Diſpoſer of Riches, Preferment and Gain,
" And Garters and Honours and Pleaſure and Pain.
" By whom as *Triumvirates*, here we command,
" And hold theſe *Inſigna*; *M—e*, *S—ls*, and the *W—d*;

" Attend

" Attend in this perilous Time and aſſiſt,
" In forming a ſolid, good *Broadbottom* Liſt."
Not long had they pray'd, as the courteous poor Devil,
Is to Votarys ever obliging and civil;
Keeps none in Suſpence, like his *Honour* or *Grace*,
When they cringe at the Levy for Penſion or Place.
Strait a Rumbling was hear and the Floor open'd wide,
Like the Stage in the Playhouſe for Ghoſts in to glide.
The *Triumvirates* trembling, were ſhock'd at the Sight!
All their Hair ſtood an end! —— and up popp'd a Sprite.
A Coronet Ducal ſurrounded his Head,
On a Wand he ſupported a Body well fed;
Theſaurus look'd pale and conceiv'd that ſome L—d
Wou'd engroſs to himſelf all the Tr—ſ—y Board:
But was ſoon undeceiv'd, ſince the grave ſolemn *Thing*,
Bounc'd, dropping the Wand, to the *Chair* with a Fling.
Lo! it ſaid, or at leaſt the *Thing* ſeem'd to have ſaid:
" The Decree of the Power, to whom you have pray'd,
" Who lives in the Country at K—— unbelov'd,
" Yet by truckling at C——t has been long there approv'd:

" Who

" Who among Country Neighbours erects up a Port,
" Yet can ſtoop to the *C—teſs*'s Servants at C——t,
" Is kick'd, from a Poſt of more Profit, up Stairs,
" Supremely to nodd in the *Chair* of all Chairs.

Then followed a Coronet equal in Size,
Of equal Importance and equally wiſe;
With unducal Submiſſion he took up the Wand,
Bow'd low and march'd on with the Bawble in Hand.
Took his Place next the Firſt, and then ſaid, " my good Friends,
" Your Servant concurs in your politic Ends.
" Juſt arriv'd from my Government o'er the poor *Bog*,
" Where I reign'd, without Pow'r, like a kind of King *Logg*;
" E'en without the poor Privilege, hardly to give
" A Place in my Kitchen to any alive.
" In minuteſt Affairs, I was tied to Account
" With Leviathan *Bobb*; mighty Lord Paramount!
" That thus was the Caſe, you will promptly agree,
" As yourſelves were accountable alſo, like me;
" Old *Satan* rejoices and greets you all Three.

Next

Next appear'd in an Inſtant direct thro' the Door,
And not from the De'il thro' the Hole in the Floor,
A Form pretty much on the ſhort and rotund,
By many much prais'd, and by others much d—nn'd.
On his Right appear'd Wit, very ſprightly and gay;
Good Senſe on his Left ſhone as bright as the Day.
In the Converſe of theſe he alternately ſhone,
And at laſt found the Secret to join them in one.
Sound Wiſdom and Judgment attended aloof,
And waited his Nodding ſome little Way off.
But ſeldom of either of theſe he made Uſe,
Except now and then in Debate at the *H—uſe*.
Behind him the Muſes ſwept all in a Train,
Illumin'd his Mind and intun'd his ſoft Vein.
While Glory diſplay'd round his Head in a Blaze,
And Honour broke forth on his Boſom in Rays.
With ev'ry great Quality happily bleſt,
Like th' affable *P—g—tt*, great Genius! deceaſt.
Ah! *P—g—tt*, by Arts and the Sciences mourn'd,
Deplor'd by the Muſes he lov'd and the Learn'd:

Leſs

Leſs noble by Birth than by Talents well known,
And, perhaps, by *Phil Nobilis* equal'd alone.
Diſdainfully coy, look'd our Wit on the *Three*,
And ſaid, prithee *Meſſieurs*, your Pleaſure with me?
'Tis to give you whatever you pleaſe, anſwered They,
So you quit for the State your great Paſſion for ———
In the one you excel and go through without Trouble.
In tother you labour to ſhew youre a Bubble.
" As the *Legacy* left (replied he) is near gone,
" A Riſque of refunding I hardly can run;
" 'Twas meant to diſtreſs, whom the Donor call'd K——s,
" But to fall in with F——s me at Liberty leaves.
" If to ſerve I vouchſafe, it's for State and Parade,
" Not for Lucre and Gain as of late was your Trade.
" Viceroy over *Bogland*, with plentifull Pow'rs,
" And ſubject alone to my *K—g's*, and not yours,
" With Diſpoſal of Places, alone is my Choice,
" And that Trade and Land Intereſt be made to rejoice.
Beit ſo, quo' the *Three*, ſo you think not too much
To haſten to *H-ll-nd* to bring in the *D---h*.

Soon after him riſes the Shade of old *G*——.
" I'm doom'd to the Office, quo' he, I'd before.
" 'Tis true I reſign'd, but it was in a Pet,
" The raſh fooliſh Action I ſtill do regret.
" Yon *Ceſtrian* muſt inſtantly quit and make room,
" Lo! *H-n-v-r G*——*r*, now returns to his Home,
" With a D—ke in his Hand, fine and gay like a Plume.

He hardly had finiſh'd, e're *Ceſtrius* came in,
His Countenance comely and placid his Mein,
Tho' ſullied a little, by nightly Debauch,
Bad Hours, and bad Comp'ny, and drinking too much;
An Averſion t'inſpect his domeſtic Affairs,
While yet for the Public's remark'd for his Cares.
E'er bounteouſly lib'ral, in giving away,
But confoundedly ſlow or to thrive or to P——.
Neglectfull th' *Inſigna* of Office he held,
And with Gentleneſs on his Competitor ſmil'd.
G—r ſmuſh'd them away, and, with ſatisfied Looks,
Exultingly plac'd himſelf 'twixt the two *D—s*.

While

While *Ceſtrius* declar'd " I reſign them with Eaſe,
" Since the Clerks ſink the Perquiſites all and the Fees:
" And the more, as I find, 'tis his M-j--y's Pleaſure
" T' appoint me in *Bogland*, VICE o'er his Treaſure.
" As he whoſe Oeconomy's bad o'er his own,
" May manage, by Paradox, beſt for the C——n,
" Quo' NIXON, our Families *ſeer* on Record;
" And ſacred is *Nixon*'s prophetical Word.
" As Both Fate and my Sov'reign declare on my Side,
" I inſiſt on Compliance, in ſpite of your Pride.
To the *K—g*, anſwer'd they, we're Obedient and Civil,
Tho' here we acknowledge no Pow'r but the D—l.

Next bolts up a Coronet, dapper and ſhort,
'Twas Ducal, with *Tory* inſcrib'd on his Heart.
Spite of former Engagements, reſolves and great Coſt,
He comes from the Devil to accept of a Poſt.
" Tho' once, quo' the Shade, (as indeed 'twas no more)
" In the Days of my Folly, ſometime, heretofore,
" At the gay, Duke of *M—lb—h*, diſdainful, I laught,
" For ſuffering himſelf to be taken by Craft:

" Yet now I'm convinc'd, there are few can reſiſt,
" The Charms of C—t Favour, ſo *properly* preſt.
" Notwithſtanding my vaſt and unbounded Eſtate,
" Which well with Revenues of Princes may mate,
" A reſiſtleſs Propenſion impels me to crouch
" At C—t for a Poſt, and ſome Thouſands to touch.
" As, howe'er, to a Point, it is known I am ſtubborn,
" You have heard of my naval Affairs down at *W*——
" Croſs that vaſt Sea-Canal, I've ſucceſsfully ſail'd,
" And yet was I never once Shipwreck'd or fail'd.
" The Structure of Shipping I well underſtand,
" And how to give Orders to ſail——o'er the Land.
" Oft I've been in great Battles, altho' but in Mock,
" And bravely bore up 'gainſt the Danger and Shock;
" The huge double E—l, who ſits as firſt L——d,
" And leads all the reſt by the Noſe at the B——d.
" Muſt yield in Experience to me, all allow,
" As a *D*—— is more skill'd than an F—l you know;
" Notwithſtanding the two Chryſtal Wheels, which incloſe,
" With monſtrous Circumf'rence, the tip of his Noſe;

" And

" And that on Twelfth Night, by his *Legerdemain*,
" He may ſtrip us new C——tiers perhaps, of our Gain.
Well ken we your Meaning (quo' the THREE) my Lord D—,
A *Grantonite* he! and contemns our Rebuke.
He, and all his Aſſociates, we'll ſoon ſet aſide,
Save one, who ſhall ſtand new C-m-ſſ—rs to guide.
Your Gr—— ſhall ſit Chief, and a Seaman the laſt,
With four noble L—ds, and a Counſellor vaſt!
He approving withdrew, bowing low as he paſt.

The reſt of the B——d, in a Group did advance,
Up aloft thro' the Chaſm, as tho' 'twere at once.
One put up as Grandſon to *Neptune* his Claim,
Whoſe Knowledge deriv'd down to him with the Name:
And 'tis hard, if a noble Deſcendant ſhould fail
In his Anceſtors Art, of the Rudder and Sail.
Another ſupported his Title, as he
Had ſail'd once to *M—yland* over the Sea.
What tho' he's built Ships, which the Winds can ne'er move,
Yet that is no Reaſon but he may improve.

A *Fourth* for a Seat at the B——d muſt prevail,
By *Female* Pretenſions, as ſome ſay, *in Tail.*
A *Fifth* urg'd moſt ſtrongly he'd been in there before,
And was Son to a *D*——, who was Son of a ——.
The *Sixth*, tho' he owned he knew little of Tar,
Yet ſaid, he cou'd plead for the B—d at the Bar;
For the reſt he referred them to *C-bb-m*, not loth
To clench, on Occaſion, his Tale with an Oath.
The *Seventh's* Pretenſions were ample and ſtrong;
He had tied up the Univerſe round in a Throng.
What tho' his whole Squadron of Ships he had loſt,
Save one he brought, foundering, home to our Coaſt.
Yet he did his own Bus'neſs, you'll ſay, very well;
Yea, and that at the Nation's Expence, I can tell.

They hardly had taken their Places around,
But *Aron Del* flounc'd thro' the Hole in the Ground;
With *Parvulus Tonus* cloſe following in haſt,
As tho' not well pleas'd that he mounted up laſt.
But, bleſs me! how lank, how meagre, and ſtrait!
Run up, like bad Weeds, to a wonderful Height.

Juſt

Juſt like *Little Tony*'s long Portrait in Print!
Soon the Firſt, as the Maſter, was known of the *M——t*;
A kind of a Steward to Turnpikes e'er that,
Well plaid he his Cards 'mong the great ones of State!
And yet not ſo wond'rouſly well, as he chanc'd
To get by the Dint of mere Wedlock advanc'd.
Know you not, who 'twas married the *one* and who *t'other*,
And who in the Law, is by Conſequence, Brother?
As 'tis ſaid, that by Kiſſing goes Favour at C——t,
They're diſtinguiſh'd of Courſe, who with Siſters conſort.
Thus Pentateuc *A-ron*, with *M-ſes* of old,
Shar'd, as Brother in Law, both in Places and Gold.
Quo' *Tonus*, for he cou'd beſt ſpeak as a Poet,
And that he's no bad one our fair ones allow it.
" Lo! before you a Brace of good T—ſ—y Lords,
" For ſo it is written below in Records.
" In the room of old *G—bſ—u* and *C—pt—n* we come,
" Who' beneath your *Triumvirate* Pleaſure ſuccumb.
" A Pair of known *Grantonites*." Be't ſo, quo' the *Three*,
We all very chearfully ſign the Decree.

Who

Who happily had to Paternals of late,
Got added a lucrative Name and Eſtate.
Don Gorgo Bubb Dodo, creeping up, on all Fours,
With Care and with Caution the Trap-Hole explores.
" A Poet, quo' he, long diſtinguiſh'd by Fame,
" And known by all critical Judges, I am.
" The Praiſes of many I've ſung heretofore,
" And among them, pox on't, of Sir *Bob* in his Pow'r.
" Very great is the Largeſs I'd give to ſuppreſs
" Thoſe Verſes, of which I'm aſham'd I confeſs.
" They're flat in my Teeth contradicting each Word,
" In my Speeches made ſince, as thoſe Speeches record.
" To praiſe firſt in Verſe, then abuſe him in Proſe,
" Does rather my own, than his Weakneſs expoſe.
" Great *Temple* did wiſely to burn what he'd writ,
" In *Arlington*'s Praiſe, when he found he was bit.
" But a Candidate now I appear to your G—e,
" And both your Compeers, for the Tr--ſ---r's Place.
" The *Bar'net* that I may get in muſt reſign,
" Old *Nick* has declar'd in the Shades it is mine,
And ſo do we here (quo' the Three) make it thine.

The

The high-favour'd *Wallo*, blind Fortune's bright Son,
Who for ever commem'rates the Year *Twenty-one*.
Great Patron in *Broadbottom* Writing's Behalf,
By Bum-Flogger *G-th---y*, and Gazetteer *R——ph*,
Succeds in the Hole, and as Candidate ſtands,
For the *C--ff---r's* Place 'gainſt the Patrio Lord ——.
Said, the Council infernal, declar'd it was his,
With the Perquiſites all and the Poundage and Fees.
" Tho', quo' he, it requires neither Talents nor Skill,
" And that even Dunces the Station may fill;
" As 'tis plain, if we meaſure, by Deputy *O——d*,
" who muſt pack up his Awls, and march off with his Lord.
" Yet I, by Misfortune and Accident, am
" Better qualified for it than all you can name.
" The K—g's Civil Liſt, as of late ſtands the Caſe,
" You know's in Arrear, about two Years ſpace.
" The Houſhold grow clam'rous for Pay and uneaſy,
" And even the Judges, for Sallary, teaſe ye.
" This Noiſe, and this Clamour can ne'er reach my Ear;
" Ti'n't proper the *C-ff---r* always ſhould hear,
Quo' the *Triumvirs* right, your Pretenſions are clear.

Lo! aſcends from the Cavity, loud in a Storm,
A truly original *Broadbottom* Form.
A Broadbottom Subſtance all over, I vow,
Head, Shoulders and Arms, and, as all will allow
In th'Extent of the Word, *Broadbottom'd* below.
'Twas thence, firſt the Term had the Honour to come,
Broadbottomry ſprung from our Baronet's Bum:
A diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtic for Mirth,
O! *ye Knights of the Bum*, kiſs the Place of your Birth.
" I'm come, quo the Bulk, up from *Tartarus* here,
" To acquaint the *Triumvirate* how they muſt ſteer.
" The De'il gives his Service, his Love, and all that,
" And wiſhes a joyful new Year to the State.
" In Council ſits round him the *Jacobite* Clan,
" From the firſt of K— *J——es* to the laſt of Queen *A—*.
" There, after Debate, 'tis decreed for your Safety,
" ('Gainſt the *Grantonites* other Relief is not left ye)
" To take in the T—ys, to Favour and Grace,
" And that I be *immediately* put into Place,

" With

" With three or four more; and ſo on, by Degrees,
" 'Till to Power and Council Friend *W—tk—n* you ſqueeze.
" But as you may think me, perhaps, ſuch a Fool,
" To tell my own Party ſome Tales out of School,
" I aſk not, at preſent, a Poſt in the State,
" Tho' a Lord at the B——d I was nam'd for of late
" I cou'd like very well; but clear as the Amber
" Is my Right to preſide o'er the Caſh *in the Chamber*.
" Nor has *Somebody* Cauſe at my Sight to be ſcar'd,
" As once in the Gardens at *Richmond* it far'd.
" Far be it from me to have acted *ſo* baſe,
" I'm the quieteſt *Thing* in the World —— in a Place."
E'er bleſt (quo' the *Three*) be Hell's great anointed.
Who ſuch great Politicians has wiſely appointed!
And that our Intrigues he eſpouſes ſo hearty,
To ſcreen us from Long-headed *John* and his Party.
Whom, at Court, and in Country, the People eſteem
As one who can puzzle the De'il at a Scheme.
But, Heaven be prais'd, the good Devil we find,
Is too many for *John* when ſupported by *H—de*.

He crouch'd moſt reſpectfully low, as well pleas'd
To be thus by the mighty *Triumvirate* prais'd.

Lord *Hob* over heard, as he near was at hand,
And moſt righteouſly roſe to oppoſe the Demand.
" Since its come to that Paſs (quo he) that you take-up,
" Againſt all the *pure ones*, with th' old Sons of *Jacob*,
" To the Mob I will call, like my Sire (holy Lubbard)
" *You, who ſtand by Ch---t J-ſ-s, cry* H--B--T *an* H--B--T!
" But let him, howe'er have the Place, youare rapt-in,
" Provided that I be made Battle-Ax Captain.
" Each Gentleman P-nſ--ner's Place I can ſell
" For Eight hundred Pounds—I the Diff'rence can tell.
When ſuddenly up from the Hole came a Groan
As tho 'twas L--d *B——ſt.*" " In Spite I'm undone,
" Of the R-y-al Command;" yet appear'd not his Ghoſt
So that ev'ry one gave him quite over for loſt.

A loud Halloo follow'd, as tho' 'twou'd deprive ye,
Of your Ears and your hearing of Tontara, Teivy.
Hoa! *Ringwood* and *Jowler* and *Ranter* and *Nox*,
As if that old *Nick* was in Chace of a Fox.

Not

Not ſo: but the new common-Hunt of the C—t,
Was ſtealing from *J-n-ſ-n* all his Support;
Hallooing the B--k Hounds away from his Care,
And leave in their Room but a Rope and Deſpair.
Oh Fie! that a P--r, in whom Learning abounds,
Should preſide over the Kennel, and run with the Hounds.

Will Prattle roſe next, deriv'd from th' old *Boa'ſon*,
(Who an *Indian* did firſt of a Diamond cozen;
Next the Factory plunderd and afterwards ran)
With his Limbs very weak and his Face very wan.
He ſaid, tho' for Places he did not much care,
Yet, if he got well, he'd be Clerk of the War,
So he found it conſiſtent to accept of a Place,
With the large Patriot Legacy left by her G—ce.
And that they conſented to make Matters even,
By reducing to *Three* the odd Number of *Seven*:
For who cou'd a Pratler more aptly ſucceed
Than he, who can prattle ſo well in his Stead?
Whereupon cry'd the Oeconomiſt *Redſtring*, if ſo,
I or to the *Marſhal* or *Warden* muſt go.

Then

Then the famous *Convention* Negociator, *K—*,
A ſhopkeeping Ald-rm-n's Son down at *Lynn*;
Erſt a *Bobbite*, but ſince, a true *P—lh—ite* grown,
(For the *Bobbs* and *Pells*, now 'tis ſaid, are not one,)
Rears up thro' the Gap, in original Dung,
Kicking Paym—r *H—p—r* before him along.
" This Man, who, as Lawyer, a R-gue is of courſe,
" And yet, as a *S—t C-m—ee*-man, worſe;
(Quo' the Don,) " as Deſerter I'm order'd to chaſe,
" With a few decent Kicks, from his ill-gotten Place:
" And ſo to ſucceed him myſelf; as anon
" I muſt vacate my Place, to make Room for *Sir* J—n.
" That Place, which with M—ber for *W—ſt—w*, I got,
" At th' Expence of the Nation, to make up a V-te,
" And for wiſely *conventioning* Diff'rences up;
" Tho' the *Grantonites* ſaid I deſerv'd but a Rope.

he Knight — no, the Barr'net, of Britiſh Race reckon'd,
That expell'd the old *Flemings* of Henry the Second,
Like the De'il his old Friend, when he follow'd the Bar,
Is near when he's nam'd, or at leaſt is not far.

Yet

Yet diff'ring in all other Qualities wide,
For his Sire was a *Methodiſt* Saint *without* Pride.
Both himſelf and *Jack P—t*, (I mean *P—t* the rich
They're ſo many, one hardly can tell, which is which)
Shot lovingly up from the Depth of the Hole
Pinn'd together like Poppets, by Cheek and by Jowl,
Declar'd, howe'er large their Poſſeſſions and clear,
They cou'd yet, thro' Government's *Thouſand a Year*,
Diſtinguiſh Things clearer: and therefore were made,
On the *Broadbottom* Footing, C-mm-ſſ—rs of Trade.

Soon after ſteps up to the Floor, with a Strut
A Dueliſt, known by the Name of *Will Smutt*.
In Purſuit of a Creature, ycleapt a Buffoon!
Good Sirs! how it chatter'd, and jok'd on a Pun!
But howe'er that may be; with a brandiſhing Sword
Our Hero had like thro' its Guts to have bor'd;
E'er well from ſupporting its Breeches it cou'd,
Its Hands diſengage in Defence of its Bloud.
Will reverendly bow'd when he ſaw the great *Three*
And ſaid, a good Place is appointed for me.

Friend

Friend *Satan* this Moment has giv'n me the Hint
I'm call'd to ſucceed to the Chief of the *M—t.* :

After ſhort Intermiſſion, a North Country Sprite,
Starts up in a Rage, from the Dark into Sight.
Th' ilk Devil, quo' he, curſe o' G—d on his Soll,
Ha nae notic'd one *Scot* for a Place on his Scroll.
Iſe therefore appeal to you Three 'gainſt his Spleen,
And inſiſt to be ſome way or other let in ;
As my Merit is proven ye can nae refuſe,
Or I'll vote with my Conſcience next Time in the Hooſe.
Ken you nae I'm a Dealer in Speech-making Words?
And can whiten and black as Occaſion affords.
This Neglect of the *Scots* is a Breach of Union,
As may'nt be ſoon cur'd in my humble Opinion :
Iſe therefore with gude lang-tail'd Speeches will brave ye,
An you don't put me ſoon at the Board of the N—y.
Quo' the Triumvirs, take it, ſo among us we have ye.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *Deſunt multa*

E'er

E'er the Candidates hardly were put in their Traces,
And reciprocal Compliments made on their Places.
A Crack of loud Thunder burſt over the Room,
As tho' that in Earneſt the Devil was come.
Howe'er 'twas not ſo: and yet almoſt as bad,
Our *Triumvirs* ne'er a worſe Sight cou'd have had,
For the Ceiling, lo! opens, and *Grantown* drops down,
With a Smile on his Countenance, mixt with a Frown;
A triple crown'd Hero ſupported his Right,
On the Left ſhone *Britannia*, triumphantly bright.
Our *Triumvirs* ſcar'd, march'd off in great Haſte,
Diſmounted, *unſtaff'd*, *unſeal'd*, and *unmac'd*,
While *Grantown* turn'd out all the reſt and diſplac'd;
Reſtor'd to his K—g the Pre——ve Sword,
And ſecur'd to the People their *ancient Record*;
Replac'd all his Friends, and ſtood firm like a Tow'r,
Defending *Britannia* from abſolute Pow'r,
In Honour, in Glory, in Peace and in Store.

F I N I S.

E'er the Candidates hardly were put in their Traces,
And reciprocal Compliments made on their Places.
A Crack of loud Thunder burst over the Room,
As tho' that in Earnest the Devil was come.
Howe'er 'twas not so: and yet almost as bad,
Our *Triumvirs* ne'er a worse Sight cou'd have had,
For the Ceiling, lo! opens, and *Grantown* drops down,
With a Smile on his Countenance, mixt with a Frown;
A triple crown'd Hero supported his Right,
On the Left shone *Britannia*, triumphantly bright.
Our *Triumvirs* scar'd, march'd off in great Haste,
Dismounted, *unsaff'd*, *unseal'd*, and *unmac'd*,
While *Grantown* turn'd out all the rest and displac'd;
Restor'd to his K—g the Pre——ve Sword,
And secur'd to the People their *ancient Record*;
Replac'd all his Friends, and stood firm like a Tow'r,
Defending *Britannia* from absolute Pow'r,
In Honour, in Glory, in Peace and in Store.

F I N I S.

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